

The Missionary Helper

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DORIS ELIZABETH FOLSOM, EDITOR

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RISE!

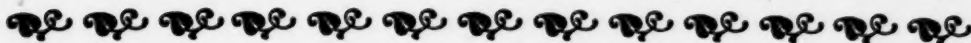
Rise—from out the grave of passion,
From the pit of pride and fashion,
From the tomb of memories ashen,
At Easter in the morning!

Rise—from couch of silken languor,
From the market's clash and clanger,
From the nettle-heap of anger,
At Easter in the morning!

Rise—from superstitions olden,
From the grooves by usage molden,
From the dreams that glitter golden,
At Easter in the morning!

Rise—yes, rise from fear's dull fetter,
From the bondage to the letter,
Rise to all things bold and better,
At Easter in the morning!

—AMOS R. WELLS in C. E. World.



FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Shall we pray the prayer of a *Pharisee*? "God, I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are." (Luke 18:11) If we stop right here, it can come straight from the hearts, and the Father will hear and bless the prayer. Let us thank God that we are not as other men are—who *know* not—idol worshippers, ignorant of the Father in Heaven, and of the Son who lived and taught and died for us, and who at this glad Easter time reminds us anew of the Risen Lord, and of the Life to which He has gone, and to which He leads us. Let us thank God that we are not as other men are, who *care* not—who are thoughtless and unacquainted with the blessings of missions, and of the call of our far-away brothers and sisters. Then may the words of the Pharisee become the words of a disciple, and then will they be heard and accepted as a worthy prayer. We are not as other men are, because we know God the Father. We are not as other men are, because we have learned to know and love His Son. Let us be still unlike other men because we are eager to carry His message to other lands where Christ has not been recognized, and because we try with our whole and earnest hearts to make "other men" nearby to see the truth as Christ saw it and taught it.

In these days of social reconstruction, we hear much of "follow-up-work"—is that not a good phrase to express our attitude toward our thankfulness? Let us thank God, and then let us follow up our thanks with our thanksgiving. Let us "sacrifice the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and declare his works with rejoicing." (Psalm 107:22) In these days of patriotic service we have come to realize more than ever before the importance of financial aid, as well as the service of the workers "over there." We have come to realize the value of the "bit", and of systematic giving and saving. Let us apply it now to our Missions as we have never applied it before; till we have taught the world of our God; till we have so filled the world with the Christ-spirit that world peace is inevitable, and the frightful thought of war is impossible in our lives; till the world is "safe for democracy" through the will of the people and not through the force of arms.. It is toward this that our work and our gifts to Missions should strive. And the sacrifice of thanksgiving is our privilege, and through it will come the pleasure of making it an offering of joy.

What can we do but *give*? How we must echo the expressions of Dr. Mary, as she tells of their "very latest," who "came to us dirty, tousled, and discouraged. . . . She is rather older than we like to take in, but

she had run away from her Hindu relatives, and had lived in Christian homes, working for her food till she got sick and they didn't want to keep her any longer. So she came to us. I didn't see what I could do but take her." And then we think that it is our support that makes it possible for her and our other missionaries to "take them," and give them the care and the teaching that they crave. Are we not thankful that we can help, and that we have such willing and efficient workers to carry out the plans? This month comes, too, that wonderful day of the year—Easter Day. The Easter spirit is always too old to be forgotten, and yet never too old to be remembered; and once more, as always before, we thank God for the life of His Son, and for the teachings that are ours to enjoy and to pass on and for the Life which comes to us through His death and His promise. And, too, it is the time for us to, "rise to all things bold and better," at Easter time.

We are sorry indeed to hear of the illness of our Missionary friend, Miss Sadie Gowen, who is at the hospital in Lewiston, Maine. We are glad to have our missionaries near us, but we are grieved at such "enforced vacations." We hope that this will prove a short illness, and that after it Miss Gowen will have a complete and rapid recovery.

It is interesting and pleasing to hear the following letter from Rev. Jameson, of Tatum, Texas: "I am serving as Campaign Secretary for an effort to raise a fund of \$50,000. Among other things we present the MISSIONARY HELPER. Secured four subscriptions for HELPER yesterday, in first day out. Have set my goal for 100 subscriptions for MISSIONARY HELPER." This effort is pleasing and praiseworthy, and we are glad to acknowledge the subscriptions to the HELPER. Aside from the financial aid that this campaign is furnishing, we are glad to know that the account of the Missionary work, as represented by the HELPER, is to be more widely read, and better known.

We hear that one of our girls "in service" has returned home. Miss Edna Coldren, whose letters have been so interesting to HELPER readers, has worked for several months at one of the base hospitals, and her brave work under fire has aroused the respect and friendship of her comrade nurses, the gratitude of the wounded soldiers, and the pride of her home friends. We would extend to Miss Coldren congratulations for her great work, and a hearty welcome back to her homeland.

Mrs. Burkholder has given us the privilege of a real Thank Offering call, when she tells us the needs of India, the India that she knows and understands.

THANKSGIVING

MARY A. W. BACHELDER.

On the fly leaf of Mrs. Whitcomb's diary for 1918 are written these words: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power and of love and of a sound mind. II Timothy 1:7. A bible challenge for the new year." With the loss to the Woman's Missionary Society, through the passing to the other life or a necessary withdrawing from active service, of many well beloved and efficient workers, with Miss Gowen sick in Lewiston, and Mrs. Holder on her way home with little Doris, with the changes and readjustments of church and society relationships, the spirit of fear for the future may come to us and the question arise, have we as much to be thankful for this year as in the past? But the spirit of fear is not of God, that is of power and of love and of a sound mind. Thus equipped we can "sing unto the Lord, we can come into his presence with thanksgiving."

We are thankful for the influences Miss Gowen and Mrs. Holder have started in India that will always go on; for the future in Bengal-Orissa, which we expect to have; for beautiful memories of those past out of sight, but whose work makes life easier for us and whose spirits are still with us; for our missionaries, for Harper's Ferry and the Bengal-Orissa field, as well as for the larger work we are coming to know; for the vision of the progress that will come in answer to prayer and service. Our young people, how thankful we are for them, well equipped, energetic, filled with a spirit of service! Because of these the HELPER is going on. We are thankful for our Thank Offering service, its beneficent blessings in the past, its continued promise; for the spirit of larger co-operation in Christian work. Mrs. McLeish says: "It was such co-operation that made the armies of the Allies invincible, and in just the same way will it give increased power in Christ's army."

There is great reason for world-wide thankfulness in the revival of a spiritual experience that has ceased to be theoretical and become experimental, a deepening belief in God and immortality, a sane, sound, loving, unselfish Christianity, evidenced not only in pulpit utterances but from religious and secular press. The surpassing war experiences, calling for sacrifices of all that is dearest, has brought the world face to face with the

eternal verities. The offering has been great, the response must be great. The new Book of Revelation, which has been freshly inspired by God in these transcendent days, is being written page by page, by mankind, for mankind." It gives us a vision of a reconstructed world on the lines of a practical but deep and abiding spirituality. We may believe that "joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody."



THE SECRET OF HER HAPPINESS

A thankful heart belonged to a little gray-haired woman who lived far up on a lonely road among the hills. Often for days at a time no one passed the house. She and an old brother were the last of their family, so that there were no kinsfolk "dropping in" or sending letters, and the neighbors, dearly as they loved her, could not "get round" very often, especially in the winter.

Yet no one could enter her house without feeling instantly the atmosphere of vivid, joyful life that filled it. She, whose days outwardly were so dull and monotonous and empty, seemed to live in the presence of perpetual miracles. The blossoming of the plant in her window was her share of the beauty of the tropics; the sheep upon the hills led her happy thoughts to scenes her eyes would never look upon.

One day a young girl asked her the secret of her happiness.

"Why, dear heart, I haven't any secret!" she exclaimed. "When I was a young thing, not much older than you, I sort of got into the habit of thanking the Lord first thing in the morning for all the things I'd got to be grateful for, and it seems as if when I got through thanking him every day, I'd feel as if he'd given me so much that there wasn't anything left to want. His mercies are everlasting, dearie. David said so, and the Lord hasn't changed since his time."—*Selected.*



"AND BE YE THANKFUL"**(By Mrs. J. P. Burkholder)**

Again the time for our Thank Offering has almost come, and are we not truly thankful that it is coming, and coming too in the lovely month of May, "For lo! the winter is past. . . . the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." The clear blue sky overhead, the trees clothed in their rich foliage, the ground covered with its carpet of green, and the fragrance of flowers filling the air, all proclaim the spirit of thankfulness.

May I call your attention to a few facts connected with our India field? Are we not truly thankful that in these days of rapid transit, it is possible for us to make the voyage from America to India in thirty-eight days in a comfortable steamer, rather than spend from four to six months in a slow going sailing vessel, never knowing when we were to reach our destination? In those early days, first our remittance was sent in Mexican dollars, to be remitted into Indian coin. Afterwards, it was sent in notes of exchange through the mails. Once or twice it went to the bottom of the Red Sea, but now the faithful cable never fails to give us the desired message. Foreign postage has been reduced from eighteen and twenty-four cents to five, for which we are exceedingly thankful.

The mode of travel between our stations has greatly changed. Instead of ox carts and horse traps, we now have motor cycles and railways. Brick and cement houses with iron beams have replaced mud walls and straw roofs,—so much for material things.

The standing and condition of women have greatly changed since those early days. From simple primary schools, the doors are now open to our bright girls to take a thorough course of college study. Never shall I forget when it was first suggested in one of our Conferences years ago, that we send out our worthy young women to teach in the Hindu homes, how our dear sainted Miss Crawford said in a most

emphatic manner, "Never, I never shall send my girls out. It is not safe." Now our young women not only visit the quiet homes of the Hindus, but teach girls' schools in the crowded bazaars, and aspire to teach in Government schools, fill places of trust as nurses and even doctors. The time was when the zenana work was first opened, that we were obliged to almost plead with the women to learn to read. The reply was, "No, we cannot for we will become widows if we do." She is **nothing** but a woman, was the general attitude toward womanhood. Now how changed! Colleges for women have been established, and not content with what they can acquire in their own land, numbers from **Hindu** homes have braved time honored customs, public sentiment, have crossed the ocean and come to **this** country to climb still higher in search of knowledge. Now when a bride is sought, the question is asked, what of her education? What examinations has she passed?

As we have no high school in our field for girls, they have been sent to Calcutta for more advanced study. During the past two years a Woman's Department of the Bible School in Midnapore has been opened to train our women for village work.

These are days of **big** things. In Mrs. Holder's last letter written directly after our Annual Conference, she says, "We are thinking and planning not in inches but in miles. We have voted to ask the Board for \$40,000 to establish a High School for Santals in Bhimpore, \$50,000 to open work in Kalamati, a town which is growing by thousands every month and gives promise of becoming the greatest manufacturing center in India." Mr. Robbins, one of the Home Secretaries, during a recent visit to our field, recommended our asking for thirty more missionary families, and thirty single ladies. A few days ago, word was received from Dr. Murphy who met the Board in Boston, that these requests have been granted. We feel like shouting "Praise the Lord!"

Another most encouraging sign of the times is that our native helpers are showing themselves capable of carrying greater and heavier responsibilities. Steps have been taken to place in their hands all of the evangelistic work in our field.

Much more might be said of the doings in our own mission, but have you noticed an article in the October (1918) number of the *Missionary Review of the World*, an article entitled "Asiatic Women in America," which shows the marvelous transformation regarding the condition of women who only a few years ago were kept behind closed doors in the Far East? Think of it, ladies, two hundred young women from the Orient are in this country as students in many of our colleges and universities. Half of them come from China, one-fourth from Japan, and others are from India, Korea, and other countries of the Near East. Some of them have already gained their Master's Degree, and are reaching out for their Ph. D. One of these girls comes from the family of the proud Brahmin class. Many of them are sent and supported by their respective Governments, others by some mission board, while still others are working their way through school by their own exertions, hungry for the knowledge which has hitherto been denied them.

The world is awaking from its sleep of centuries. Its pulse is beating at fever heat. Never were there so many doors open for an army of Christian workers in the Orient and for poor distracted, storm tossed Europe. Nations are being turned and overturned, waiting for Him, who alone can bring permanent Peace.

Who of our host of young men and women are ready to enlist in the army of our Master? **Our God is marching on!** Heed His call, and fill up His ranks.

IN MEMORIAM

MRS. LILLIE FRANCES GEORGE, DANVILLE, N. H., DEC. 30, 1918.

IN MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

She is not here. But we must smile on, gladly,
As if she were with us still,
For we all know that she waited so bravely,
To go at her Father's will.
And there shall be cherished tender memories
Down deep in each loving heart,
From which we know the Kind Father in Heaven
Will ne'er request us to part.

THE WILLING HEARTED**(A Thank-Offering Story)**

By Lucia E. Lyons.

April filled the air with its miracle of light, but Mrs. Porter, cleaning the bed-rooms, knew nothing of it. Two days before the world had come to an end for her, yet duty and habit had resumed their long-wonted sway, and Thursday was "upstairs clearing day." It was not easy, though, for she was in the boy's room, and it was the boy who, only day before yesterday, had brought his mother's world to an end by marching away with the Naval Militia. All her life she had been a prosaic woman, and there had been little to touch her in the common objects of daily life. To-day, however, these inanimate things seemed charged with a cruel power. How often had she been filled with impatience at the sight of Robert's shoes in the middle of the room and Robert's collar on the bureau when it should have been in the laundry bag! But now these things were strangely precious, and withal poignant in associations. The necktie with the wide stripes which she had always hated,—it brought sudden tears to her eyes as she laid it in the drawer. The winter clothes in the closet must be aired and put away, she knew, but when she opened the door and saw them,—the new suit with those important creases in the trousers and all the others down to the beloved "fishing duds,"—her heart failed her and she closed the door quickly, surprised that a duty should thus call to her in vain.

If only he had not been in such a hurry to go and apparently so happy to leave his home. That thought kept returning again and again.

Of course he had asked permission of his parents; that is he had come in with a beaming face just at supper time one day and said, "There are several vacancies in the Naval Militia, Dad, and they'll be the first to go. You're willing to have me enlist, aren't you?"

Robert's father had looked at the boy with confidence mingled with pride as he had made the answer that was so often on his lips, "Just as your mother says, son."

So they had both turned to her and she had replied with more than a touch of bitterness and sarcasm, "Oh, of course I'm willing if you think it's your duty. That's what war means, doesn't it?"

That was all, for the boy had taken the words at their face value, and the very first interurban car had taken him to the city to put in his application. Then late in the evening he had returned to find her waiting and his greeting had been a joyful shout:

"Accepted, mother, and we're called out at once!"

Could it be possible that all this had happened only Saturday? Even Tuesday seemed to belong to a bygone age,—Tuesday, when she and her husband had gone into the city and had been a part of the vast throng who watched the boys depart.

"Such a boy," she thought,—"not yet a year out of college and with the future bright before him; and then to be caught up into this horrible maelstrom of war. Going so light-heartedly, too,—"It came back to that again. She could have borne it so much better if he had gone with some of the grim determination that she associated with the word "duty."

She had finished cleaning the boy's room now and was sweeping her own bed-room. Stooping mechanically to pick up a tiny envelope, its significance penetrated the clouds of her thought.

"The Thank-offering Meeting," she said to herself. "Why, that is to-morrow." Habit sent her to the purse in her bureau drawer, and she placed a fifty-cent piece in the envelope, hardly considering what she did. But as she prepared to seal it, suddenly the words printed there sprang to life.

"Whosoever is of a willing heart let him bring it, an offering of the Lord."

"A willing heart,"—her mind awoke to the word with a start of surprise. Was she really willing-hearted as she made ready her offering? Was her heart, indeed concerned in the matter at all? Then the other word, so familiar from years of use, stood out with a real meaning. "Thank-offering!" She read the word in a low, shocked tone. What! a thank-offering now with no feeling in her heart but that of bitter

protest at injury, with the sense of loss so keenly upon her? A spirit of revolt, that seemed more real and honest than anything in her dutiful life, seized upon her and with an impulse wholly new to her she returned the money to her purse and flung the envelope into the waste-paper basket. Anger flamed within her,—anger at the government which took what was most precious and cast it forth into danger and suffering; anger at a missionary society which could ask money for anything so far away at such a time as this; anger at herself, because all her life she had done the things she was asked to do.

Across the tide of her anger came the sound of the door-bell, the postman's ring, she knew. When she reached the door, the postman still stood there, his weather-tanned face full of pleasure.

"It's the letter you want, I'll bet," he said, handing her one with a Baltimore postmark. "Just thought I'd like to give it to you myself. You know my boy's in the National Guard and I expect they'll be called next. I was born over the other side myself," he ended, "but this country can have the best I've got." Hitching up the heavy pack of mail he was gone on his daily round.

The letter was not a long one. It was written hastily, on the train, and taken up mainly with enthusiastic praise of the "other fellows," and especially the officers. But the last paragraph was in a different vein:

"There's one thing I want to say that I couldn't say before I left home, and I'm afraid you thought I was just going for a lark. But I have counted the cost: on one side home and a dandy position with a good firm in a growing town, and every chance for promotion; on the other side some excitement, lots of routine, probable danger, possibly an end to all the future. Don't you see? It's just because those first things are worth having that they are worth giving up. Gee! Isn't it great to be an American and do even **more** than your duty of your own free will when the first call comes!"

Mrs. Porter read those words over and over until the tightness about her heart began to yield and the bitterness to melt away into a bewildered pride. There were still two or three sentences of more per-

sonal farewell and the boy's name. Yet that was not all, and the mother turned the paper greedily to read what straggled along the margin, "We are going to be here in the harbor several days before we sail, and if you have time to send a box of fried cakes I might eat one."

So it was that with two rooms all uncleaned Mrs. Porter stood by the kitchen window spreading out the last fluffy golden rings to drain. She had been working in a glow of pleasurable excitement, and all at once it seemed to be not only for Robert that she performed her glad service. Robert impersonated the country with all that it meant, and she was all American women, doing their part with devotion.

The younger children were on their way home from school and a sturdy little figure passed the window.

"Hello, Aunt Ellen," said a clear voice as a small boy opened the door. "Gee, you made an awful lot of fried cakes, didn't you?" and a pair of envious eyes turned wistfully toward the table.

"Eat one and take one home, Jimmie," said Mrs. Porter. "The rest are for Robert."

"Oh, thank you ever so much, Aunt Ellen," said Jimmie fervently, perching on a high stool by the table. He was so like the Robert that used to be as he sat there, his ruddy face wreathed in smiles. Most women would have gone across the room to give him a kiss, but Aunt Ellen did not embarrass one with unexpected kisses. Even fried cakes so near dinner time had a special charm of novelty in her house.

"When I grow up I am going to be in the Navy too," he announced when he had rescued the last crumb of the fried cake from a fold in his blouse. "And I am going to be the captain, I think." Then abruptly coming to business he continued, "Do you want me to carry out ashes for you Aunt Ellen? I'm pretty strong and I thought maybe you'd let me earn some money that way."

Mrs. Porter had a swift vision of the trail of ashes which would probably mark Jimmie's path, but the desire to have this living reminder of Robert about the house every day was too great to be resisted. "Why I guess so," she said. "What are you earning money for?"

"For the children that havn't any doctors where they live; don't you know about them, Aunt Ellen?"

"Oh, it is for your Sunday school collection?" she asked.

"No, it's for extra-good-time money. All the kids in our class are earning some. If we get a whole lot, then one bed in that hospital will be our own bed. I'm going to work awful hard, Aunt Ellen."

"But what is extra-good-time money, Jimmie?"

"Why, you see, Aunt Ellen, Miss Alice says some things you do of course, like going to school and—and washing your face, you know, and remembering your contribution. Because if we all forgot it then there couldn't be any school at Fenchow, could there?" he added with a deeply responsible air. "So you always do the of-course things first."

"And then the extra-good-time things?" asked Mrs. Porter.

"Oh yes," said Jimmie, kindling to his theme. "We kids have a club and it's to do extra things and surprise people. Oh, it's lots of fun, Aunt Ellen. We shovel ladies' walks before they know it, and we took a great big basket of Christmas dinner to some poor people, and—everything, you know. And we've got a name, too. Miss Alice made it. It's the 'Willing Hearts.' And if we find out about people that need some money or something, you mustn't bring any unless you want to ever so much,— and if you've got the 'of-course' things all done first." Jimmie concluded rather incoherently, but apparently his aunt understood.

"And what about those children that haven't any doctors?" she asked curiously. "Did all the boys want 'ever so much' to send some money for them?"

Jimmie's face was shocked. "Oh yes, Aunt Ellen! Because some of them never got well, you know. The minute we heard about them we thought it would be an extra good time to earn lots of money for them."

"Where are those children, Jimmie?" asked his aunt, a vague recollection stirring in her mind.

"Why, they're in China, Aunt Ellen. I thought you knew, because Miss Alice said the ladies are going to send them some money, too, to—

morrow. But it won't be enough," he added half jealously, "so we kids'll have to help, too. Well, I have to go to my dinner now," he said, slipping down from his stool. "Will this be a good fried cake for me to take home, Aunt Ellen? Robert must have the biggest one, mustn't he?" and he turned away with renouncing eyes upon the largest of the pile. "I'll be back after school to take out the ashes," he added from the door.

All through her rapid preparations for dinner Mrs. Porter's thoughts were busy with the events of the morning. Again, when her husband had gone and she was hurrying to the post-office with her package, the little train of incidents still repeated itself in her mind, and through them all seemed to run the same refrain. The postman's generous giving of his best;—"willing hearts," sang the refrain. Little Jimmie, his face shining over the fun it would be to earn something for those children, and his club of "Willing Hearts." Best of all, the letter, with the words she knew by heart, "Isn't it great to be an American and do even more than your duty of your own free will!" Yes, they were all among the willing-hearted, hastening eagerly to offer more than was required. And she? She thought of the little envelope cast aside in anger, and then came a swift picture of herself standing over the stove with a joyous compulsion from within. Love for the boy had overflowed to include the whole country, and yet had she only a grudging sense of duty to bring to her service of God and His kingdom? The thought brought her to a standstill, and, looking up, she found herself before the window of the ten-cent store, decked out with a wonderful array of spring millinery. Some of Jimmie's enterprising spirit must have entered into her, for she surprised herself with a sudden thought.

"Wouldn't it be fun to fix up my black straw on one of those frames and send what I was going to spend on a new hat for the hospital!"

That is why the women who opened the thank-offering envelopes found in one a new five-dollar bill accompanied by two quotations. The first one they understood,—“Not grudgingly or of necessity,” but over the other they wondered a little: “And your young men shall see visions.”

—Leaflet from Woman's Board of Missions of the
Interior (*Congregational*)

MY "EXTRA BOX"

MRS. W. H. PACKARD,

In Mission Studies, W. B. M. I.

A little placard with the alluring legend, "Free; Take One," stood sentinel over a pile of odd shaped bits of pasteboard on the literature table. Always as irresistible as the challenge in the magic word "bargain," it impelled me to add to hands already full this little Unknown, which the literature lady called a Blessing Box. It lay unnoticed for some time on my desk, as giving money for my blessings had never seemed possible for me.

One day my little daughter found it and was fascinated with the intricate folding and tucking in of the sides and corners to make a cunning little box. The talismanic words, "Woman's Board of Foreign Missions," prevented my whisking it into the waste paper basket. These words are perfectly irresistible whenever I see them. My husband says I would walk off the edge of the world if I should see them in the sky beyond.

Our benevolence money is systematically apportioned at the beginning of the year; W. B. M. I. gets its share and then a bit more because my mother loved it so, and then a bit more from my husband because I love it so, and yet I never see, untouched, a call it its name.

"Well, if I *don't* believe in paying for my blessings I need not use that as an excuse for not finding extras," I said. So I rechristened my little box my "Extra Box."

I want to tell you a few of the unexpected ways in which, on a teacher's meagre salary, extras were always turning up after that.

The first Sunday a friend brought four of us home from church in his car. Four nickels slipped into the box before my gloves were off. (That, by the way, is one of the secrets. You have to slip in an extra while it is warm.)

Monday a neighbor ran in with a dainty dessert. It was an Extra. I could not put in the pudding so I put in the twenty cents my oranges would have cost. That same week my "helper" failed to arrive, so I did my own cleaning—75 cents more for the little box.

The next week the junkman took my wornout copper teakettle.

Not many days later threatening symptoms of scarlet fever in my little daughter caused the reluctant return to the box office of two long-

planned-for tickets, Ben Greet losing two dollars and my hungry little box gaining them.

Not long after this a poor little rich girl asked me to help her with a gift for a friend and another Extra found its way to the insatiable little box.

Yes, by this time, I am mortified to relate, I was looking enviously, and almost fearfully, at my Extra Box, and when an invitation to read an original story before a literary club brought an unexpected grateful return I confess that, with peculiar, Sapphira-like economy, I divided the money and actually weighed the greedy little box doubtfully in my hands, questioning my right to give *so much!*

Oh, it was heavy! I thought of my turned suit and the faded hair ribbons and fraying neckties, to which my attention is daily called, and fancied the poor little ghosts of fresh ones calling reproachfully to me from the box. Why should W. B. M. I. get all the extras and I and my family none? I gave my conscientious scruples free rein for a time—I had no right to carry sacrifice so far, to compel the whole family to share in it.

Then a hand reached out from the heart of Turkey and pricked the bubble of my insufferable selfishness. It was not a miracle except as it is always a miracle when a hard heart is touched and the blind are made to see.

One of our missionaries, home on furlough, came to visit me and for two weeks was in and out of our home, filling our imaginations with details of daily life in Central Turkey.

Without one word of complaint, or rebellion, or self-pity, she spoke casually of daily sacrifices so tremendous as to leave our nerves fairly quivering with sympathy—evenings spent in darkness to save kerosene, long, dreary, depressing evenings after hard days of work, no let-up of the strain on over-wrought nerves, caused by sights and sounds of suffering and poverty and brutality, no cheerful music, or pictures, or reading—not even *light!*

Of all the many stories of their life in a Turkish city none left so vivid an impression, and she told of it almost unconscious of the dramatic, pitiful picture she was painting, and without a hint of desire to draw on our sympathies. And it was only one of the incidents of privation and sacrifice common to the everyday life of these girls, girls I was partly

responsible for sending from comfortable homes in a Christian land.

And here she was begging to be sent back to the noisome squalor of an Oriental city, and here was I begging my conscience to let me off the little gift of Extras! She could see only the awful need and her powerlessness at present to help. I could see only my forfeited luxuries. I remembered only my insignificant little sacrifices—she had almost forgotten her great and glorious ones except as little gnats which threatened, at times, to lessen her efficiency.

When I bade her good-bye she said, "Don't think too much of sacrifices—ours or yours—they are apt to get in the way of the larger vision."

Need I say I no longer weigh the little box with misgivings, but with thanksgivings?

TREASURER'S NOTES

"Co-operation;" "Federation;" "Uniting Forces;" "Inter-church World Movement of North America;" "Forward Together"—all these are but a different phrasing of Christ's prayer "that they all may be one, as we are."

Through the kindness of Miss Mary A. Rowell, of Franklin, N. H.,—Treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Mission Board of the Christian Church—its magazine, the **Christian Missionary**, for February is before us.

We note with interest Miss Rowell's "Glimpse of the Foreign Mission Conference."

She names as "the subject of most vital interest, the adoption of a plan presented by Dr. Taylor, including the united and simultaneous drive of all denominations in 1920. * * * The great theme of the Conference was the international missionary efforts especially needed as result of the great war. * * * Dr. Robert Speer designated 'Jesus Christ the Savior' as the message to be carried."

The fact that "Mrs. Peabody urged women to be ready for hearty co-operation" indicates to us each, the alert, sympathetic attitude of our leadership.

The carrying out of the Inter Church World Movement of North America, we are told will make it "a combined movement of all Protestant Christian forces in North America in the performance of their common task, in order to meet the unique opportunities of the new era, and the movement is to be broad enough to cover all interests in the United States and Canada,—outside of the local church budget—which are naturally related to the missionary enterprise.

It calls for 'a thorough and united survey of the home and foreign fields of the world for the purpose of securing accurate and complete data as to what ought to be done by the combined churches to meet the need of the hour, and of at least the next five years'.

This survey will be followed by 'a thoroughgoing educational and publicity campaign to carry the facts of the survey to the entire Protestant church constituency in America and to every mission station throughout the world where the churches of North America are at work, and for the purpose of arousing the church to a realization of the urgency of united effort in meeting the needs of the community, the nation, and the world, and of inspiring and organizing the Christian forces to undertake an adequate world program'.

All this will lead up to 'a united financial campaign to secure the funds shown by the survey to be needed to carry through the world program on an efficiency basis'.

At rare intervals there come to the individual, or to the collective body, a great opportunity. Accepted, grappled with, pushed with all possible energy, it becomes the open doorway into wonderful, constructive achievement. Refused, or even entered into in a half-hearted manner, it loses its force and avails us nothing. **We have now come to the wide open doorway of such an opportunity."**

Whether we look back from the outer edge of the larger vision, to its center of effort,—the individual, the individual society, church and denomination,—or outward from that individual or individual interest, the emphasis to be placed is the same,—on the necessary conviction, effort, enthusiasm, faithfulness, fully met obligation, and entered into

privilege of the individual.

Here we are then, each individual, members of our W. A. B. F. & H. M. family, with its many service privileges. Here, too, is the Denominational Victory Campaign with its goal of six million dollars, and its method of provision for compassing it,—“First, the apportionment; second, personal gifts beyond.” What does our position and its call mean to us?

Our Helper? Oh yes, we are not going to forget our little magazine. How perplexed and at sea we have been during its delayed publication, with so many unanswered questions crowding our minds!

The words of anxiety and appreciation, together with appeals for its continuance, which have recently come to those in close touch with the Helper, emphasize what we already knew,—that the Helper fills a large place in our lives and work. It has been like a right hand to our Society in the carrying on of its work.

We have received notice from the Executor of the estate of Thomas J. Waful, late of Poland, N. Y., that through Mr. Waful's kindly remembrance, one thousand dollars is coming to our Society.

We hope that ere these “notes” reach you, many of you will have sent in your order for Thank Offering invitations and gift envelopes, and we assure those of you who have not, that your orders will be promptly and gladly filled.

In a just-received letter referring to Thank Offering, our President, Mrs. Durgin, says, “I very much desire that we carry that custom with us into the union.”

By the way, do you know that Dr. and Mrs. Durgin are wintering at Fort Pierce, Florida, “seeing a very interesting side of southern life?” Miss Clara Law of Providence, also, is there.

And still the coming of opportunity to our very door goes on. The Watchman-Examiner tells us that “more than 750,000 of our Southern colored friends have entered the industrial areas of the Northern States. The negro problem is no longer a sectional but a national problem. A study of the religious needs of the various areas has been

made, and the territory for study divided among these people. The studies show vividly a tremendous missionary opportunity, and an urgent immediate need of leadership. Leadership and cooperation rather than multiple church organizations will receive chief emphasis." Storer stands for all that is best to the colored youth who come under her teaching and influence. Let us remember Storer!

We are interested to know of the two recent appointments to Bengal-Orissa,—Miss Gladys Doe and Miss Mabel Bond. The former is one of our Ocean Park girls, whose growth from childhood to maturer years, we have watched with interest. We are glad Bengal-Orissa has claimed her.

The Free Will Baptist Sentinel, the monthly paper of our Texas Free Baptist friends, tells us that the Executive Committee of their State Association voted to make a drive for \$50,000 to be paid in five equal parts, within the next five years. Plans educational, systematic and promotional to interest, knowledge, and fitting for service were made. Among "goals" set by the women of the State were: "Every church with a working auxiliary; Every church woman a member of it; A Thank Offering in every church (for salary of Mrs. Holder); Each church paying its full apportionment or more; Quarterly payments; Twenty-five per cent of members taking Missionary Helper and Sentinel; etc." The Editor terms the plans of the Executive Committee as undertaking "the erection of a magnificent building. It is not a fine church or home or barn. It is to be builded out of men and women. boys and girls sought and won to Christ Jesus, and to be dedicated to the memory of our very own Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."

Mrs. Ida Holder is called their "Lone Star Messenger," and because they pledged half her yearly support for her first term, and that of little Doris, when Mrs. Holder's service began, while the "Phillips Family" of missionary fame assumed responsibility for the other half, it was possible for us to send out three young women to Bengal-Orissa, instead of the two we had for sometime been seeking.

Here's to Texas' success in her "New Movement" plans; here's to her fully reached goals!

Cordially in service,

Edyth R. Porter.

47 Andover Street, Peabody, Mass.

GENERAL SUBSCRIPTION AGENT'S NOTES

There seems to be little new that one can say from the subscription end of the HELPER, and I am sure the readers do not wish me to take up room to repeat or emphasize what I have already said so often. I wish I could tell a new story, a story of increased subscriptions, large donations to the sustaining fund, gifted writers offering to contribute to our columns without money and without price. But it remains the old story—a slowly dwindling subscription list, and Mrs. Whitcomb, on whom the HELPER depended for its vital touch, gone where she can help us only by the example and memory she has left.

In our correspondence we receive many expressions of loyalty to the HELPER, and all it has stood for during many years. Each year since we inaugurated the "Sustaining Fund" as a distinct feature, the contributions to it have been larger than the year before; but these contributions are not adequate to meet the deficit that is left after we have used up all the subscription money and all the appropriation made yearly by the F. B. W. M. S.

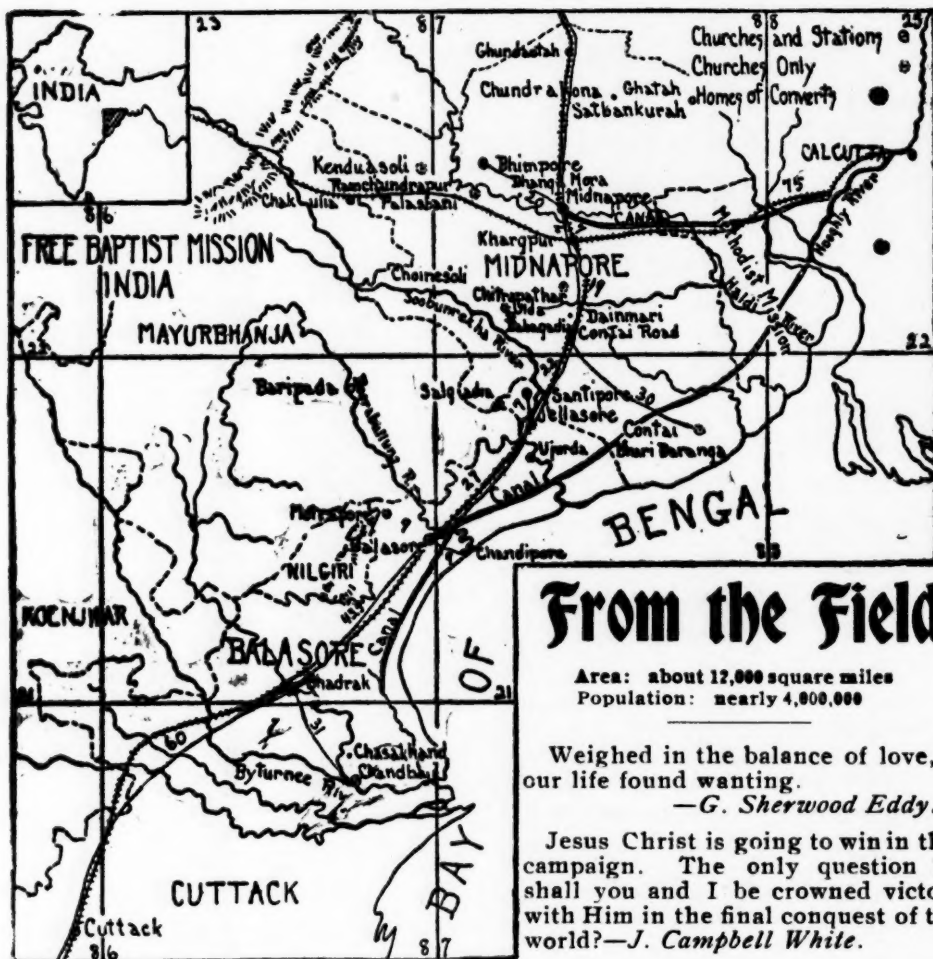
May is Thank Offering month. Surely we have great things to be thankful for. The war is over and our boys are coming home. As I write these very words, the whistles are blowing and the bells are ringing to welcome the returning transports, bringing the boys of the 26th and the 101st.

The readers of the HELPER have a wonderful tradition and wonderful exemplifiers of that tradition to be thankful for. It is true Mrs. Whitcomb has gone, as many others who have worked for what the HELPER stands for have gone; but what they did remains, and we are grateful for it. As these notes are merely a repetition and an emphasis, I will close them by repeating emphatically something I have said before: The one way we can express our appreciation of what these other people have done is to go on doing what we believe they would be doing if they were here.

Cordially,

A. M. MOSHER.





From the Field

Area: about 12,000 square miles
Population: nearly 4,000,000

Weighed in the balance of love, is
our life found wanting.

—G. Sherwood Eddy.

Jesus Christ is going to win in this
campaign. The only question is,
shall you and I be crowned victors
with Him in the final conquest of the
world?—J. Campbell White.

Send forth laborers, Lord, to the harvest,
Now at the noontide hour we pray;
Pour Thy rich blessing on all who are helping
To turn the heathen darkness into the day.
Multiply givers, and gifts, and devotion;
Lord, we encircle the earth with our prayers;
And as the Christ is held up to the nations
Draw all men unto Him, everywhere.

—CARRIE G. PIPER.

LETTER FROM CONTAI

This is our third year in Contai and the last year of our first term in India. We expect to return home next spring and also Dr. and Mrs. Murphy, if the way opens and the Lord still leads; but oh, we are so few it seems impossible to think of making our field force any thinner.

We have had two baptisms here lately, one a young girl, daughter of one of our preachers, and the other a young man with a very interesting history. He was first a Hindu and then a Brahmo and now has accepted Christianity, and says he has that peace in his heart that passeth all understanding. I hope to write more of him later.

In the May *HELPER*, in her article on "Our Bible Women," Mrs. Burkholder describes Jasuda Rai. For the past month I have had her and another and younger Bible woman named Drapodi here for house to house work. We have no regular women workers here in Contai, so Mrs. Holder very kindly lent us these two for few weeks.

I go out with them almost every day, and we have certainly had some very interesting experiences. One afternoon we went to a village about a mile away which I had visited a few days before. A large crowd of women and children gathered, and among them was a very superior looking young Brahmin proudly wearing his sacred thread, the emblem of the "twice born." The explanation of the pictures on the Life of Christ was proceeding nicely when an elderly Brahmin, evidently the father of the young man, appeared on the scene, and he was so vexed! He said to the young man, "Get up and go home where you belong. What business have you got here, listening to the 'women's gospel'?" At that he tramped off in high indignation, but came back again to argue. He was so bigoted and so beyond reasoning with that we all just laughed at him, even the villagers; but his reference to the Christian religion as the "Women's Gospel" struck me as being peculiarly appropriate, for surely no other religion has done so much for women as ours.

A few days ago a young Hindu, who claims to have been much interested in Christianity at one time, came to say that he knew two women near his village who wished to become Christians; also that they were widows and of good character. So day before yesterday we sent the two Bible women out there and they found one of the women, Prafulla by name. They also found that she and her three sisters, mother, adopted

mother, in fact every woman in every house in that village were prostitutes. The Bible women said that Prafulla really acted as if she were tired of it all, and tried to get in a private conversation, but had no opportunity. She promised to come here the next day to talk, but I'm afraid she could not get away. There must be many such women who would escape from such lives of shame if they only knew where to go.

Hari Babu, the new convert I referred to, has organized a class for the High School students on Saturday afternoons. They are mostly Hindus and Brahmos and he is using a sort of comparative religious course. Our Sunday services are generally crowded with these young men. Last Sunday there were about sixty present, and as they come from the other side of the town, not less than a mile away, we feel they must have some interest aside from curiosity.

Do remember our work at Contai. It's hard, but not too hard for God, and we are happy, very happy in His service here.

Our love and best wishes to all the HELPER family!

GRACE L. HOWARD.

Our Quiet Hour

Consider the lilies of the field —*Matt. 6: 28.*

Consider then the lilies,
O heart of mine, to-day;
They neither toil nor spin to win
Their beautiful array;
I would that thou couldst lead a life
So fearless, sweet as they.

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

There is a wise meaning and a gracious design in every tint of the lily's adornment and every curve of its grace. Its symmetry is a type and proof of the divine justice. Its life is co-ordinated, and keeps time with the sublime motions of the heavens; and its structure and uses are full of

the profound teachings of the unsearchable God. And if God thus cares for an individual flower which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, how much more will He care for an individual human being whom He has made in His own image, and upon whose life He has made such momentous issues to depend—*Hugh MacMillan*.

Wherefore, if He who is Justice thus wills that not a flower shall come to death, save as to the gateway of a new life, think you not He has for us, to whom is given dominion over all the flowers of the field, some gift at least as great? In the clear uplifted eye of the daisy, in the steadfast smile of the buttercup, in the warm caress of the rose, in the beauty of the lilies, we have His undying pledge. Whatever may be felt or thought within; whatever may come to our eyes or ears from without, we turn to the flowers and their great brothers, the trees, and in all the varying of their fair fresh voices we hear one strain, that comes to our souls like the soft borne echoes of a vesper bell across the meadow lands at dusk—*Resurgam*.

I shall rise again!

It is the strain telling out to all mankind the one day that has changed the whole course of human existence. . . . And He gives His life that He may add to our lives the limitless estates of Immortality.

For there comes into our years no trial, no sorrow, no loss, no hungering which cannot be seen aright and somewhat understood in the white light of Easter.

Life has its Gethsemanes, wherein worn spirits pray and wrestle with lack of strength, and faltering faith and dwindling hope. Life has its trials before the Pilates of a thousand wrong ideas and customs. Life has its bleeding roads to Calvary, and life has its Calvarys. But though all the darkness the finger of Hope still points the way, and the light of Faith still makes it clear, and when the end seems to have come, and the burden to have grown beyond us—then life has its Easters! For the road to Calvary is the path to peace.—*Hodges*.

Lilies, lilies, lilies,—how I see them shining,
 Softly, whitely shining along the garden ways!
 What if I am dying, what if I am lying
 Helpless and inadequate, all the nights and days?
 Still my spirit regnant, with the new life pregnant—
 Yielding weary body to the restful sod,—
 Faces toward the Brightness, out through lanes of whiteness,
 Lilies, lilies, lilies, all the way to God.

—*Hopestill Farnham.*

There is a strange gladness in all the air! The world is awakening
 This is the Easter of nature, coming year after year to testify the
 truth of the Easter of man— This is the great help God gives us to under-
 stand the sublimest of mysteries. It was the forerunner of the morning
 of eternal life, which is now become the ceaseless echo of that high holy
 day. And as it is with the things of nature, so it is with what concerns
 man in this prelude to immortality, and in the beauty of the lilies we
 perceive immortality and sing with joy,

“I shall rise again!”

—Extracts from “Resurgam,” by *L. M. Hodges.*

PRAYER

Heavenly Father, give us grace to show forth Thy praise, not only
 with our lips, but also with our lives. Grant us such a spirit of thanks-
 giving as will fully consecrate our time, our strength, our talents, our
 means, our all to Thy service. Bless the thank-offerings we bring Thee.
 Forgive us that we have not given Thee larger praise. Make us more
 faithful while the stewardship of money is yet entrusted to us, and fit us
 for a never-ceasing song of praise in a world without end. Amen.

—*Selected.*



Helps for Monthly Meetings

"Information Means Transformation."

TOPICS FOR 1918-1919

September—	Acquaintance Party
October—	Oriental Housekeepers
November—	Christian Americanization
December—	Oriental Women in Industry
January—	Broadening Horizons
February—	I. Prayer and Praise. II. Christian Literature
March—	Story of the Trail Makers
April—	A Congress of Women
May—	Thank Offering.
June—	Training Camps in the Orient
July—	Field Day.

MAY—TWENTY-NINTH THANK-OFFERING SERVICE.

With a heart of joy and a song of praise,
 Lord, we come to Thee,
 And our thanks to Thee we gladly raise
 For blessings kind and free.
 Our thanks we bring, our gift of love,
 Lord, we offer Thee.
 Let it carry a message, God above,
 To teach blind souls to see.

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM

PRELUDE—"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty." (Soft organ or piano prelude.)

READING—A Message from Our President, Mrs. Durgin, omitting last paragraph. (See March HELPER)

SINGING—"Rejoice, ye pure in heart,
 Rejoice, give thanks and sing;
 Your festal banner wave on high,
 The cross of Christ your King;
 Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice, give thanks and sing.

(*Missionary Hymnal*, 17.)

RESPONSIVE READING—By Leader and four girls who can sing responses during the evening.

Leader—Make full my joy that ye be of the same mind; having the same love, being of one accord.

Girls—Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.

Leader—We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.

Girls—And not to please ourselves, for Christ pleased not himself, but came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

Leader—The Lord make you to increase and abound in Love,

Girls—One toward another and toward all men.

Leader—What shall I render unto the Lord for all all his benefits toward me?

Girls—I will pay my vows unto the Lord: Yea, in the presence of all His people.

Leader—Bring ye the whole tithe into the storehouse; and prove me now, herewith, saith Jehovah,

Girls—If I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

Leader—Let each one of you lay by him in store, as he may prosper.

Girls—Freely ye have received, freely give. It is more blessed to give than to receive.

RESPONSE—Singing by four girls.

Saviour, Thy dying love Thou gavest me,
Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from Thee.
In love my soul would bow, My heart fulfill its vow;
Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.

(*Missionary Hymnal*, 86.)

READING—Twenty-ninth Thank-Offering Call. (See March HELPER)

PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING and petition for better understanding of the Divine purpose for all mankind and each individual.

RESPONSE—Singing by four girls.

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

(*Missionary Hymnal*, 42)

SHORT ADDRESS by Pastor or some other speaker who is able to give an inspiring talk on the value of our mission field and the necessity for assistance from the home churches.

SINGING—"I Love To Tell the Story." *Missionary Hymnal*, 8.

OFFERING, followed by prayer while ushers are still standing.

"Heavenly Father, give us grace to show forth Thy praise, not only with our lips, but also in our lives. Grant us such a spirit of thanksgiving as will fully consecrate our time, our strength, our talents, our means, our all, to Thy service. Bless the thank-offering we bring Thee. Make us more faithful while the stewardship of money is entrusted to us and fit us for a never-ceasing song of praise in a world without end. Amen."

READING—"My 'Extra Box.'" (See short story in this HELPER.)

READING—"Her Gift." (See March HELPER.)

ANNOUNCEMENT OF OFFERING

DOXOLOGY

CLOSING PRAYER, followed by singing by four girls.

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, and lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

(*Missionary Hymnal*, 63)

Contributions

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY

Receipts for February 1919

All money, including Thank Offerings, intended for church apportionment credit, should be sent to District Treasurers and Joint Secretaries, Home and foreign; but gifts not intended for church apportionment may still be sent to the treasury of F. B. W. M. Society, and such gifts, when so specified, may be applied on life membership.

MAINE

Eustis S S for Sinclair Orphanage . . . \$ 5 00
Pittsfield. Amoma Class for Salary of
Miss A. Porter. 25 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Hampton, W M S Storer College \$10.00;
General work Bengal-Orissa \$7.00 . . \$ 17 00
Manchester, Miss Clara M Warner for
Zen teacher Balasore 5 00
W Barnstable, a friend, for higher educa-
tion of girls Bengal-Orissa 5 00

RHODE ISLAND

Pascoag F B S S for support of Sakhi in
S O \$10.00 C E ditto \$15.00 \$ 25 00

NEW YORK

Franklin Mrs Agnes Powers for Bengal-
Orissa \$ 3 00

IOWA

Lamont, Mrs Rachel Tickner for Storer \$ 5 00

TEXAS

Woman's Missionary Societies and
Churches of Texas for salary Mrs I
M Holder \$ 33 46

MISCELLANEOUS

Income:

Phillips Fund for Salary Mrs Holder. \$ 10 20
Moulton Fund for Gori at Balasore. . 10 62
Babb Fund for work Bengal-Orissa. . 10 62
K W at Balasore. 1 28

February 1919 total \$156 18

EDVTH R. PORTER, Treasurer

47 Andover St., Peabody, Mass.

Juniors

THE LITTLE BROWN GIRL AND I

Away on the other side of the world
Lives a little brown girl I know,
Away off there in a distant land,
Where they never have frost or snow;
I have a home that is bright and glad,
She wanders where shadows lie,
Yet the same dear Father has made us both,
The little brown girl and I.

The little brown girl is to sorrows born—
An orphan, with none to care,
With no one to kiss to a sweet good night,
Or smooth out her tangled hair.
Perhaps she is needing my love today,
To stifle the orphan's cry,
Since we are one in the Father's heart—
The little brown girl and I.

The little brown girl has never heard
Of love that is over all,

Of a Father who cares with an equal care
For all who will heed His call;
Perhaps she is waiting for me to send
The news to a God on high,
That together we two may lift our prayers—
The little brown girl and I.

Then she too may go to the Father's house,
To the home where the angels are;
And for her and for me they will welcome
speak,
And the gates of that home unbar;
I will take her hand on that blessed day,
In the mansion beyond the sky,
And we both will sit down at the Father's
feet—
The little brown girl and I.

—Sunshine

CHILDREN'S THANK OFFERING PROGRAM

OPENING HYMN, "I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old."

SCRIPTURE REFERENCES, Selected and prepared to be read or recited by one of the children. (Matt. 19: 13-14; Ps. 100; Matt. 28: 18-20.)

PRAYER, By the leader, for Missions, for the "Brown Babies" and for help from our Junior Mission Workers.

EXERCISE, A Lesson in Arithmetic. (By one young woman and two boys.)

Teacher—Johnny, if I divide an apple in two equal parts, what is each part called?

Johnny—One-half.

Teacher—If I cut it into five equal parts, what is each part called?

Fred—One-fifth.

Teacher—Suppose I cut it into ten equal parts, what is each part called?

Johnny—One-tenth, teacher; but that would be awfully small. I'd hate to share an apple with ten kids. Why, I wouldn't even get a decent bite. Nobody would swipe another fellow's share when he had only one-tenth.

Teacher—True, Johnny, a tenth is very small, so small a fellow would be ashamed to take it away from any "kid." Yet, Johnny, I know there are many tenth-stealers, yes, lots of them, in the world today.

Johnny—Say, teacher, I wish you'd tell the cop of them. He'd lock them up so they wouldn't get a chance to pinch anything more.

Teacher—They are stealing from God, Johnny. so the cop cannot interfere.

Fred—Don't you think that's pretty small, teacher, for anybody to steal from God, when He gives us everything we have and is so generous? It must be the little chaps who steal from Him, because after a feller is as big as I am and studies geography, why, he couldn't do it. Think of the dandy fruits, the vegetables, the coal and iron, the gold and silver, the lumber, and—oh, I can't stop to name them all, but—well, even a big, strong chap like me can't think of the One He gave to die on the cross for us all, and keep the tears back. How *could* anybody steal from Him? I know you always tell the truth, teacher, but I can't think of any fellow so mean as that.

Teacher—Well, you listen a minute, boys, and I'll explain it to you. God says in His Word that one-tenth of our money is His; that means if you earn ten cents, one cent of that ten is His, the other nine belong to you.

Fred—I always knew God was good to folks, but I never realized He was as good as that. Why, I've heard people talk and beg for money for some religious thing or other, and I really thought by the way they talked after they got it that the people had made tremendous sacrifices to give it. But now I know about this tenth of God's, I'll bet that if I added up the salaries of that audience and divided it by ten they wouldn't be measuring up to what God asks of them. Say, teacher, that tenth of God's is to be used for church, Sunday School, missions, Junior collections, and such things, isn't it?

Teacher—Yes, Fred, it surely is.

Johnny—I'll tell you what I'm going to do, teacher: I'm going to get the finest box I can find and write on the top of it, "God's Money." Then when I get any money I'm going to put one-tenth of it in God's money box. You see, I have an allowance each week, and I'll give Him one-tenth of that; then I earn some money doing errands and other things; I'll give Him a tenth of that and also a tenth of the nickels and dimes which Uncle Lee and Aunt Sue give me. I tell you what, I'm not going to be one of those tenth-stealers any longer.

Fred—Perhaps it wouldn't be wise, teacher, to tell everybody what you told us, how that God blesses in an especial way those who give Him a tenth. But I should think if they read their Bibles they'd see over there in the last book in the Old Testament—what do you call it? Yes, Malachi, where He says He will open the windows of heaven and pour out such a big blessing they won't have room to receive it. Well, I'm going to give Him a tenth of all I get just because I love Him, and not for what I'm sure to get as a reward.

Johnny—You can count on us, teacher, to belong to that tenth legion of the Be Strong Club, and we'll get all the other fellers to join, too. My, but it's great to be a partner with God. See how I square my shoulders and how strong I look as I go down the street! Good-night, teacher.

—*The Christian Missionary.*

HYMN, "We've a Story To Tell to the Nations." (*Hymnal*, p. 96)

TALK, By the Superintendent, telling of the good that missionaries can do, of the little children who do not know Jesus and our Heavenly Father, and of the change that it makes when His Story is taken to the mission field. Tell a story that will interest the children, and that will make them see the value of their help and the *definite* sort of work that they can do.

OFFERING AND SONG. (Tune, "Stand up, Stand up for Jesus")

Our pennies me are bringing,
Lord Jesus, here today
Oh, hear them gaily ringing—
To us they seem to say:

"The Heathen all are waiting
To hear the Story true;
Oh, may our pennies help them
To love our Jesus too."

STORY, "Her Gift." (See March HELPER)

RECITATION, "The Little Brown Girl and I."

CLOSING PRAYER

